133

11622:c 22
2

K

An Admonition to the Watermen;

Particularly to those who use the Rivers Severn and Wye, not to curse their Eyes and Limbs.—June, Death and the Lady.

Wrote Nov. 5, 1786, by N. Withy.

To which will be added, The Author's Farewell to Oxford, and a Letter to his wife.

DRAW near the Watermen of ev'ry tribe,
Whose business is to stem the foaming tide,
And are oblig'd your strength and skill to try
Up the bold Severn or the rapid Wye.
Remember owner Symonds if you can,
A worthy, sober, careful honest man,
Was swallow'd up in the remorseless deep,
For his untimely fate I now could weep.
Severn thou subject of poetic song,
How Syren like thou seem'st to glide along,
While death lies basking on the glim'ring wave,
Tho' thy soft bosom's but a wat'ry grave:
The widow, and the gay intended bride,
And orphan too, stand weeping by thy side:
And while they do their recent loss deplore,
Their heart-felt sighs resound from shore to shore
Listen ye Boatmen when bold winds do rise,
And storms and tempests darken all the skies,
Be steady then and don't crowd too much sail,
For when death comes you know he'll take no bail
But let no danger, death, nor great surprize,
Encourage you to curse your limbs or eyes;
Such words degrade the dregs of human kind,
I knew a man that curs'd himself quite blind;

In Oxford town I ſaw him t'other day,
He own'd he curs'd his eye ſight all away.
Dreadful example! now for men to meet,
While he in ſilence gropes from ſtreet to ſtreet.
Take warning by this poor unhappy man,
Refrain from curſing as much as you can.
Why ſhould you call for vengeance on your ſight?
The nobleſt bleſſing in this world is light.
Let this my ſong on ſwearing men prevail,
From Shrewſbury down every diſtant vale:
To Colebrooke dale, a place I much revere,
For civil uſage, and the beſt of beer.

(The 12 following lines were wrote by the Author ſometime back, while he ſtood under the Iron Bridge, viz.)

Let the fond traveller who takes delight
To look for ſcenes moſt pleaſing to the ſight.
Repair to Broſeley, and ſearch every vale,
Each ſweet Meander up through Colebrook dale.
Review the Bridge the wonder of this age:
Read the inſcription on the iron page,
While he beholds the bold ſtupendous arch,
Adorn'd with horſe and foot while on their march.
If not then ſatisfy'd with ev'ry part,
Farewell Mechanicks and adieu to art:
An iron arch to ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Of ſuch a ſize was never ſeen before."
Down at Bridgnorth I leave my beſt reſpects,
And hope they'll pardon at the great defects
They've ſeen in me, and thanks for that regard
They've always ſhown to ſuch an humble bard.
Bewdley farewell, and likewiſe Stourport,
Places where watermen do much reſort;
God ſend them health their buſineſs to purſue,
While I my theme at Wor'ſter thus renew.

Here I review the Bridge with great delight,
The noble proſpect's pleaſing to my ſight;
Bold and majeſtick it does ſeem to reign,
From ev'ry point and ev'ry diſtant plain.
The College beauties I cannot rehearſe,
It ſtands too lofty for my humble verſe:
So down I glide along the Severn ſtream,
While I think life is ſomething like a dream.
At Upton quay I heard a ſailor ſwear,
And curſe his limbs, his eye ſight, and his hair;
Which put me in ſuch great perplexity,
I would not ſtop, but went for Tewkeſbury.
Here I arriv'd about the edge of night,
But found the boatmen ev'ry where alike.
Regardleſs of their money, or their time,
They drink and think that ſwearing is no crime.
Of all the black guard words men can invent,
To blaſt their eyes is moſt impertinent:
Perſiſt no more in any thing ſo odd,
But learn ye dunces not to ſcorn your God.
Croſſing to Maiſmoor on a Sabbath day,
Eight people in their prime were caſt away,
Going to the wake, they never reach'd the ſhore,
And in this world they'll never wake no more.
Off Glos'ter bridge, oh! grievous tale to tell,
A man into the river lately fell
From off his horſe, while no one was in view,
And in one inſtant bid this world adieu.
Be warn'd by this ye huffing ſons of pride,
For Severn ſtream is not yet ſatisfy'd:
So curſe your Eyes no more, for if you do
It matters not what does become of you.

The Multiplication Table in a Song.

THREE *Threes* make *nine*, *three four*s are *twelve*
Three fives are *fifteen* ſure,
And *three* times *ſix* are juſt *eighteen*,
And want *two* of a *ſcore*;
Seven times *three* make *twenty-one*,
Three eights juſt *twenty-four*,
And *three* times *nine* are *twenty ſeven*,
Indeed they are no more.
Four fours were *ſixteen* pretty girls,
Who liv'd near HAGLEY PARK,
And *four* times *five* were *twenty* blades
Who met them in the dark:
And *four* times *ſix* were *twenty-four*,
Of women old and grey;
And *four* times *ſeven* were *twenty-eight*
Of maids that went aſtray.
Four eights were always *thirty two*
Four nines juſt *thirty ſix*,
And *five* times *five* were *twenty five*
Inclin'd to knaviſh tricks:
And *five* times *ſix* were *thirty* boys
Who loſt their time at play;
And *five* times *ſeven* were *thirty five*
Of Farmers cloath'd in grey.
So *five* times *eight* were *forty* SCOTS
Who came from ABERDEEN;
And *five* times *nine* were *forty five*
Which gave them all the ſpleen;
And *ſix* times *ſix* were *thirty ſix*
Fine ladies all in blue,
And all muſt own that *ſeven* times *ſix*
Will make but *forty two*.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Now *six* times *eight* were *forty eight*
Of famous LONDON dames,
And *six* times *nine* were *fifty four*
Who durſt not tell their names;
And *ſeven* times *ſeven* were *forty nine*
Stout ſailors bold and true;
And *ſeven* times *eight* were *fifty ſix*
Belonging to the crew.
Make *ſeven* times *nine* but *ſixty three*,
According to this rule,
Yet *eight* times *eight* was *ſixty four*
Who ſtay'd away from ſchool.
And *eight* times *nine* were *ſeventy two*
That would not from it ſtay;
But *nine* times *nine* were *eighty one*,
Who did not like to pay.
So now, brave boys with cheerful mind,
Let ev'ry one take care
To add, ſubtract, and multiply,
And the Dividend to ſhare:
The Quotient properly to place,
And give each man his due;
Which, by the diviſor multiply'd,
Will prove it all is true.

The Wandering Bard's leaving Oxford, June 1, 1786.——Tune—*Farewell to Lochaber.*

YE Muſes remember, I am troubl'd in mind,
To leave ſuch a city as Oxford behind:
It is with Reluctance that from it I part;
It's fine Situation has raviſh'd my Heart.

'Tis the ſeat of the learn'd, the great and the wiſe,
Where art ſeems to flouriſh, and ſcience to riſe:
Bright fame needs no trumpet to warble its praiſe,
It ſpreads thro' the Univerſe Myriads of ways.
Old time that devours ſtrong caſtles and towns
Large provinces, empires, kingdoms, and crowns
Does ſtill ſeem at Oxon to lend them a hand,
To make all their ſtructures more noble and grand
The bridge o'er the Cherwell proves this to be true
With many more buildings intirely new,
Shew that architecture will never decline.
While genius or learning can plan or deſign.
No city in Britain has wholeſomer air,
No poets more famous, nor ladies more fair,
No paintings ſo clever, nor libraries grand,
Sure theſe are an ornament to all the land.
But now I muſt leave it, this cauſes my pain,
I fear I ſhall ne'er be ſo happy again,
The walks and the bowers I viſit no more,
Nor ſit in their ſhade all that pleaſure is o'er,
At new college chapel, no longer I view,
Hiſtorical painting, both ancient and new;
Sure the weſtern window, exquiſitely grand,
Does honor to Jarvois's maſterly hand.
I own that it ſtruck me with aweful ſurpriſe,
And ſhone with ſuch ſplendour it dazzl'd my eyes
Fame certainly here gave the pencil a touch,
For there is no poet can praiſe it too much.
If any one doubts it let him go and ſee,
I own ſuch a taſk too intricate for me,
So riſe, ye Oxonians, 'tis you I'd have try,
And do not let painters the poets outvie,

Step on before Jarvois, and don't let him ſoar,
For fear that you ſhould overtake him no more,
Invoke all the muſes to poliſh your ſtrain,
That poets may rank with the painters again,
Adieu to the *Iſis*, ſo rapid and ſtrong,
No more thy ſweet banks will re-echo my ſong,
Likewiſe to the Cherwell, to lift up my theme,
Who loſes her name in the midſt of thy ſtream,
Likewiſe to thy brink where *I* oft did repair,
To read, and to angle, and drive a way care,
And to each meander that's down a long ſhore,
Becauſe *I*'m afraid *I* ſhall ſee them no more.
Farewell all ye ſcholars, and men of bright parts,
From the loweſt degree to the maſter of arts,
At my humble tribute pray do not complain,
Becauſe *I* ſhall never diſturb you again.
The muſe has deſerted, and ſilenc'd my pen,
I bow, in due order to you gentlemen,
And tho' *I* can't leave you without ſhedding tears
I wiſh you good health for a number of years.

A Letter from the Author to his WIFE, By Way of a Song.

Written at Oxford, Aug. 1, 1786.

DEAR NANCY receive from your rambling Bard,
Theſe Lines as a token of Love and Regard,
I write them from Oxford for you to peruſe,
Tho' they contain nothing but ſorrowful news;
Your abſence is irkſome, I now plainly ſee,
And I am diſturb'd to the higheſt degree,
So do what you can for to baniſh my grief,
For nought but your preſence can yield me relief.

If down to the Races I chance to resort,
What's pleasing to others to me is no sport,
No Object can please me tho' ever so gay,
I'm grown so uneasy since you went away;
While Organ and Tabor strike up with applause,
And the Dutch Ragamuffin keeps thumping his Jaws,
I stand like a statue at Door of a school.
And am grown so stupid, they say I'm a Fool.

'Tis near to the Isis I scribble my Theme,
Where something informs me, that life's but a dream;
But why did you leave me till it is was all o'er,
To sit in dejection alone on the shore;
When e'er I look down on the water so clear,
My Eye pays a tribute to thee with a tear,
And as I walk forward it adds to my pain,
To look at the shelter that screen'd us from rain.

As I walk through the City I seldom can meet,
Three persons together in any one street;
The Black gowns are gone and the best of the crew,
And those who remain have but little to do;
Their vitage grows longer as employment fails,
They saunter about, and keep biting their nails,
And those who've no Credit to chalk up a score,
Will still grow more lank till vacation is o'er.

'Midst these in dejection 'tis my Lot to be,
But nothing disturbs me like losing of thee;
In the room where we slept I no longer can stay,
To me it's a Dungeon now thou art away;
But cheer up my girl and be void of all fear,
As winter approaches to thee I'll draw near;
Adieu, I will meet thee if it's in my power,
At Stratford on Avon or Shipston on Stour.

F I N I S.

77062